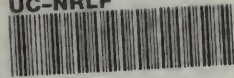
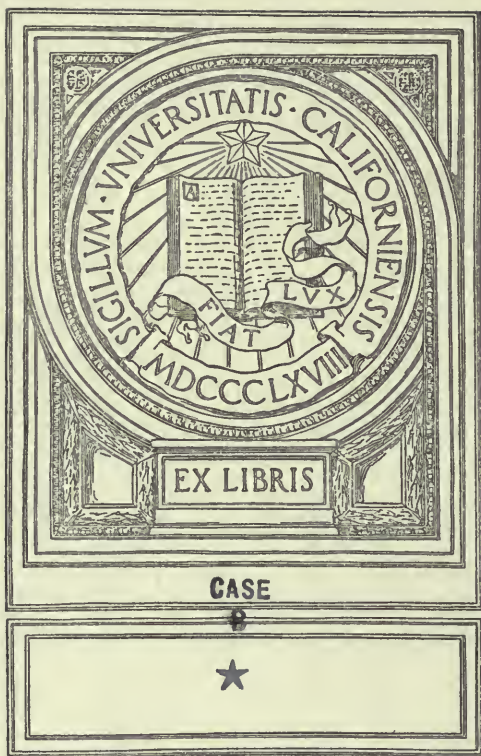


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HELL'S
BROKE
LOOSE.

by Samuel Rowlands



LONDON

Printed by W. W. and are to be
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1605.

★





TO THE READER.



IN this vn-weeded Garden of the World, hath sprung vp through al ages of the same, most innumerable euen of all sorted kindes, that haue been opposite to Vertue, and pursuers of Vice; Such as haue with great trauell and labour taken paynes to goe to Hell, and runne the broad way path with Hindes feete, in all poasting speede that the Diuell could employ them. Amongst the rest of this fearefull race runners (of their variable qualities) here is a description of the most notorious Rebels and Heretiques of Europe, certaine Germane Anabaptistes, such as would haue all things common, and all men at free will and libertie to do what they list, without controwle of any Authoritie: euery mans Will Law; and euery ones Dreame Doctrine.

Before the comming of our Sauour Christ; Theudas, and Iudas Galilæus, two seditious fellowes of factious spirit, seduced the Iewes: The first of them saying, that hee was a Prophet sent from God for mans good; and that by his owne powerfull word, hee could deuide the waters of Iordan in as admirable

2.

sort,





To the Reader.

sort, as Ioshua the servant of the Lord had done. The other, did earnestly promise to enlarge the Iewes from the servitude and yoke of the Romans: both of them by these meanes, drawing after them great multitudes of people; and both of them comming vnto deserved destruction: For Fatus the Gouvernour of Iury ouertooke Theudas, and sent his head as a monument to Ierusalem: and Iudas likewise perished, and all his following confederates were dispersed.

After our Sauour Christ, in the time of his blessed Apostles, Elimas the Sorcerer mightely withstood the proceeding of Paule & Barnabas, sowing the seed of Heresie in the minde of Sergius Paulus Deputie: but the iudgement of God ouertooke him, and he was stricken with blindnesse. Not long after him, in the raigne of Adrian the Emperour, arose an other called Bencochab, that professed himselfe to be the Mefsias, & to haue descended from Heauen in the likenes of a Starre, for the safetie & redemption of the people: by which fallacie, he drew after him a world of seditious people; but at last, hee and many of his credulous route were slaine, and was called by the Iewes (in contempt) Bencozba (that is) the Sonne of a lie.

Manes, of whom the Maniches tooke their name and first originall, forged in his foolish braine a fiction of two Gods,
and





To the Reader.

and two beginners; and reiecting the old Testament, and the true God, which is reuealed in the same; published a fift Gospell of his owne forgerie, reporting himselfe to be the Holy Ghost: When he had thus with diuulging his diuelish Heresies and Blasphemies infected the world, being pursued by Gods iust iudgement, hee was for other wicked practizes taken, and his skinne pulled ouer his eares aliue.

Montanus that notorious blasphemous wretch, of whom the Montanists tooke their ofspring, denyed Christ our Sauiour to be GOD, saying: Hee was but Man onely, like other men, without any participation of Diuine essence: Hee called himselfe the Comforter, and Holy spirit, which was promised to come into the world; and his two Wiues Priscilla and Maximilla, he named his Prophetesses, and their writings Prophecies: yet all their cunning could not preuent nor foretell a wretched and desperate end which befell him; for after he had of long time deluded the world, in imitation of Iudas, hee hanged himselfe.

Infinite are the examples that may be collected out of the registers of foregone ages, touching the lamentable euilles, slaughters, blood, and death, that haue ensued from the damnable heriticall Instruments of the Diuell; and how the peo-

A.

ple





To the Reader.

ple (affecting Nouelties, and Innouations) haue concurred from time to time, with the plotters endeouours, Histories are full of their memories. Most Rebellions do pretende Religion for them selues: No Villaine but dare turne a good outside to the eye, though the inside be as bad, as heart can imagine.

These infamous Rebels and Heretiques in Germanie, pretended Religion; they would be Reformers of the Church, and State: new Doctrine of their owne franticke conceites: no Childred should be Baptized: all thinges should be common, & no Magistrate to gouerne, but euery man at his owne libertie to doe what he list; take whatsoeuer he stood in need of, without pay: pluralitie of Wiues: no recouerie of wrongfull detayned Goodes, and such like villanous roguish stuffe, that neuer a Theefe in the world would refuse to subscribe vnto it.

This was no sooner taught by Iohn Leyden, alias Yoncker Hans a Dutch Taylor, Tom Mynter a parish Clarke, Knipperdulling a Smyth, and Crafteing a Ioyner; but it was embraced by thousandes of the Boores, and vulgar illiterate Clownes, who in great companies dayly resorted vnto them forth of all Townes and Villages: A most rude rascall companie that regarded neither Gods feare, nor mans fauour, euen
HELLE BROKE LOOSE.

In





To the Reader.

In their outrageous madnes, they attempted much villanic, omitting to put nothing in practise that stood with their humours lyking; as good Commons Wealths men, as Iacke Straw, Watt Tyler, Tom Myller, Iohn Ball, &c. in the raigne of Richard the 2. and as sound Divines for Doctrine, as Hackets Disciples; that preached in Cheapeside in a Pease-cart: Yet they found of their owne fraternitie to manage the Diuels affayres; and mustering themselves together, all composed of the scumbe and waste worser-sort could be raken up, they proceeded so farre, that they tooke the Towne of Munster, and there for a time, domineerd as if they had been Electors apeece to the Emperour; untill beeing belcagerd by the Duke of Saxon, they were taught to taste how Extremitie did sauour, finding the bitternesse of their rash and gracelesse attempts, to punish them most seuerely in the end: For when Cattes, Dogges, Rattes and Myce, grew scarce and daintie, (No common dish, but choyce dyet for Iohn Leyden, and the Lordes of his counsaile Knipperdulling the Smyth, Crafteing the Ioyner, and Tom Mynter the Clarke;) They were constrained to frie old greasie Buffe leather Ierkins, and Parchments, Coouers of Bookes, Bootes in Steakes, and Stew-pottes of old Shoes, till in the end being famished as leane as dried

A 2.

Stock-





To the Reader.

Stock-fish, they were subdued: and Leyden (who had tearmed himselfe King of Munster) with his Nobles, made of Smyth, Ioyner, and Parish-Clarke, were according to the iust reward of all Rebels, put to death, with great torture: and being dead, their bodyes were hang'd in Iron Cages vpon the toppe of the high Steeple in Munster called S. Lamberts Steeple, for an example to all of Rebell race: Their Confederates in great multitudes hauing perished with the Sword and famine, may togeather with all Traytors witnesse to the world throughout all ensuing ages, how GOD with vengeance re-wardes all such State-disturbers, and faëious Rebels.





THE GHOST OF IACKE STRAW.

Prologue.

I That did act on *Smythfeildes* bloodie Stage,
In *second Richards* young and tender age:
And there recei'ud from *Walworths* fatall hand,
The stab of *Death*, which life did countermand:

Am made a *Prulogue* to the Tragedie,
Of *LEYDEN*, a Dutch Taylors villanie.
Not that I ere comforted with that flaue,
My rascall rout in *Hollenshed* you haue:
But that in name, and nature wee agree,
An *English* Traytor I, *Dutch* Rebelle hee.
In my Confort, I had the Priest *Iohn Ball*;
Mynter the Clarke, vnto his share did fall.
Hee, to haue all things common did intend:
And my Rebellion, was to such an end.
Euen in a word, wee both were like apoynted,

A 3.

To





PROLOGVE.

To take the Sword away from Gods Anoynted:
And for examples to the worlds last day,
Our Traytours names shall neuer weare away:
The fearefull Path's that hee and I haue trod,
Haue bin accursed in the sight of God.
Heere in this Register, who ere doth looke,
(Which may be rightly call'd *The bloody Booke*)
Shall see how base and rude those Villains bee,
That do attempt like *LEYDEN*; plot like mee.
And how the Diu'll in whose name they begon,
Payes them Hells wages, when their worke is don:
" *Treason* is bloodie; blood thereon attends:
" *Traytors* are bloodie, and haue bloodie ends.

FINIS.





THE ARGUMENT.

F*rom darke Damnations vault, where Horrors dwell,
Infernall Furies, forth the lake of Hell
Ariu'd on earth, and with their damned evils
Fill'd the whole world full of Incarnat Devils:*

For all the sinnes that Hells vast gulfe containes,

In euery age, and euery kingdome raignes:

Murder, and Treason, False disloyall plots,

Sedition, Heresie, and roguish knots:

Of trayt'rous Rebels; Some of highest place,

And some of meanest sort, most rascall bace:

Of which degree, behold a cursed crue,

Such as Hells-mouth into the World did spue:

IOHN LEYDEN, but a Taylor by his trade,

Of Munster towne a King would needes be made:

A Parrish Clarke, a Ioyner, and a Smyth,

His Nobles were, whom hee tooke counsell with:

To these adioyned thousands, Boores and Clownes,

Out of the Villages, and Germane Townes:

Whereof great losse of blood greeuous ensew'd,

Before that Campe of Hell could be subdew'd.

S. R.





THE LIFE AND DEATH OF IOHN LEYDEN.

When nights blacke mantle ouer th'earth was laide,
And *Cinthias* face all curtaine-drawne with clouds:
When visions do appeare in darksome shade,
And nights sweet rest, dayes care in quiet throwds;
About the hower of twelue in dead of night,
A mangled Corse appeared to my sight.

Skin torne, Flesh wounded, vgly to behold:
A totterd Body peece-meale pull'd in funder:
Harken (quoth hee) to that which shall be told,
And looke not thus amaz'd with feare and wonder:
Though I am all bestabbed, slash'd, and torne,
I am not *Cæsar*, him, an's ghost I scorne.

Icke bin Hans Leyden; vnderstandst thou Dutch?
IOHN LEYDEN King of Munster, I am hee,
That haue in *Germanie* bin feard as much,
As any *Cæsar* in the world could bee:
From the first houre that I armes did take,
I made the *Germaine* Gallants feare and quake.

B.

By





THE LIFE AND DEATH

By facultie at frst, I was a *Taylour*,
But all my minde was Kingly eue'ry thought;
For e'en with *Cerberus*, Hels dogged Iaylour,
A combat hand to hand I durst haue fought:
Then with my trade, what's hee that hath to doo?
Old Father *Adam* was a *Taylour* too:

Hee made him Fig leaue Breeches at his fall,
And of that stufte his Wife a Kirtle wore:
Then let both Needle, Threed, my Sheares and all,
Keepe with the trade; a Noble minde I bore:
And let this Title witnes my renowne,
IOHN LEYDEN Taylour, King of Munster towne.

My Councillers were these, a valiant *Smyth*,
As tall a man as euer strooke a heate,
Call'd *Knipperdulling*; wondrous full of pith:
Crafting the *Ioyner*, one of courage great:
Tom Mynter, a madd Rogue, our *Parrish Clarke*,
Whose doctrine wee with diligence did marke.

Hee





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee taught on topp of Mole-hill, Bush, and Tree,
The Traytors text in *England*; *Parson Ball*
Affirming wee ought Kings apeece to bee,
And euery thing be common vnto all:
For when old *Adam* delu'd, and *Euah* span,
Where was my filken veluet Gentleman?

Wee *Adams* Sonnes; Hee Monarch of the Earth,
How can wee chuse but be of Royall blood?
Beeing all descended from so high a birth?
Why should not wee share wealth, and worldly good?
Tush Maisters (quoth *Tom Mynter*) reason binds it,
Hee that lacks Mony, take it where he finds it.

Why, is not euery thing Gods guift, we haue?
Doe Beastes and Cattell buy the Grasfe they eate?
Shall that be fould, which *Nature* freely gaue?
Why should a Man pay Mony for his Meate,
Or buy his Drinke, that parboyld Beere and Ale,
The Fyshes broth, which Brewers do retayle?

B 2.

Pray





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Pray who is *Landlord* to the Lyons den?
Or who payes House-rent for the Foxes hole?
Shall Beastes enjoy more priuiledge then Men?
May they feed dayly vpon that is stole,
Eating and drinking freely *Natur's* store,
Yet pay for nought they take, nor goe on score?

Do not the Fowles share fellow like together,
And freely take their foode eu'en where they please,
A whole yeeres dyet costes them not a Fether?
And likewise all the Fyshes in the Seas,
Do they not franckly feed on that they get,
And for their victu'als are in no mans debt?

And shall Man, being Lord of all the rest,
(Vnto whose seruice these were all ordayned)
Of meate, nor drinke, nor clothing, be posselt,
Vnlesse the same by Mony be obtayned?
Pay House-rent, buy his foode, and all his clothing,
When other Creatures haue good cheare for nothing?

Wee'le





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Wee'le none of that (quoth I, to my comforts.)
No (quoth *Tom Mynter*) frends, it ought not bee:
Come *Libertie*, and *Wealth*, and *Princely sports*:
Why, Kings are made of Clay; and so are wee:
Wee'le ayme our thoughts on high, at Honors marke:
All rowly, powly; Tayler, Smyth, and Clarke.

Wee are the men will make our Valours knowne,
To teach this doting world new reformation:
New Lawes, and new Religion of our owne,
To bring our felues in wondrous admiration:
Let's turne the world cleane vpside downe, (mad slaues)
So to be talk'd of, when w're in our Graues.

Braue *Knipperdulling*, fet thy Forge on fire.
It shall be done this present night (quoth hec,)
Tom Mynter, leaue *Amen* vnto the Quier.
Quoth *Tom*, I scorne hencefoorth a Clarke to bee,
Cornellis, hang thy woodden Ioyners trade,
For Noble-men apeece you shall be made.

B 3.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And fellow mates; Nobles and Gallants all,
To Maieftie you muft your mindes difpofe:
My Lord *Hans* Hogg, forfake your Butchers ftall.
Hendrick the Botcher, ceafe from heeling Hofe.
Claffe Chaundler, let your Weick and Tallow lye,
And *Pecter* Cobler, caft your old Shooes by.

For you my valiant Lords, are men of witt,
And farre too good for bafe and feruile trades,
Your Martiall power may be compared fitt,
Vnto the ftrength of our ftong *Germane* Iades:
Who if they had but knowledge to their force,
What whiftling Car-man could commaund his Horfe?

Your guifts are rare, and fingular to finde,
Beeing full of courage, refolute, and wife:
Yet to behold thefe parts you haue bin blinde.
Oh could you fee your Valour with mine eyes,
You would exclame that Ignoraunce fo long,
Hath done fo worthy Men, fuch open wrong.

But





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

But now my Lyon-harted Caualliers,
Let vs march after war-like *Mars* his Drome,
Your Prentiships are out of subiect yeeres;
Now let vs shew the Houses whence wee come:
For wondrous matters there are to be done,
Crownes must be conquerd, Kingdoms must be wonne.

Tom Mynter, goe and preach vnto the Boores
All Libertie, all Freedome, Ease, and Wealth:
And if they will, alow them Queanes and Whores:
Bid them Drinke free, and pledge Good-fellows health:
Say Goods are common, each man to suffice,
The Rich-mans purse, is Poore-mans lawfull prize.

Tell them, they need not stand on honest dealing,
To borrow Mony, and to pay againe:
And those that haue occasion to be stealing,
May take a Purse, if need do so constraîne:
Poore Men must haue it: Gentlemen must liue:
Good-fellowes cannot stay till Misers giue.

B 4.

Ther's





THE LIFE AND DEATH

There's none of vs (my Maisters) but may want,
Our Purfes may haue emptie stomackes all,
But he shall finde his dyet to be scant,
Whose credit's scord vpon an Ale-houfe wall,
I owe a debt my felfe onely for Beere,
Amounts to more then I haue earnd this yeere.

And let me come to a base Tapfters houfe,
Where I but owe fome twentie doofen of Beere,
The rafcall will not giue me one carowfe,
But tels me ftraight how eu'ery thing is deere:
Tis a hard world, the Brewer muft be pay'd:
Thus on my emptie Purfe the Villaine play'd.

This is his ftate, whose Purfe is lyned thin,
And goes on truft, beholding for his fhout,
With, By your leaue, hee muft come creeping in:
I pray you Brother, let vs haue a Pot,
How does all heere? pray is mine Hoftes well?
Curffe not your debtors: How doeft honeft Nell.

This





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

This shaking humor, I do much detest,
Which emptie Purfes do inflict on some:
I can not be beholden, I protest,
Mony must make mee welcome where I come:
If Siluer in my Pockets do not ring,
All's out of tune with mee in eu'ry thing.

What extreame griefe doth Monyes want procure?
How madd and franticke doth it make the minde?
Againe, how chearefully can Mony cure?
When Phisicke comes in Gold, and Siluer's kinde,
To thinke on this, what's hee, that would not craue it,
And fight himselfe out of his skin to haue it?

Thus my braue Causaliers, you plainely see,
Vpon what golden ground wee set our foote,
Courage *Dutch* bloods, I say couragious bee,
Wee will haue Wealth, and Libertie to boote:
Let vs goe forward as we haue begone.
And wee'le make bloody sport before ti's done.

C.

John





IOHN LEYDEN, TOM MINTER,
KNIPPERDVLLING, *and their*
confortes; the first inuentors of the
Dreames and Dotages of the
heriticall Anabaptists
in Germanie.

Here neuer was so odious a pretence,
Nor any Act so wicked and so vile,
But some would take vpon them a defence
To colour it; the easier to beguile
The simple sort, which haue vnstayed mindes,
Whose hastie Iudgment Errour easily blindes.

So these leawd wretches, sprung from Villain race,
That had all Pietie in detestation:
A Rascall sort, that were eu'en spent of Grace,
Would take on them *Religious* reformation:
And in the fore-front of their villanie,
Tom Mynter vtters new fond Herezie.

C 2.

Deare





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Deare Friends (quoth he) that wee may haue successe,
In this our honorable enterprife:
Which you shall see the very heau'ens will blesse,
If from a Christian zeale it do arise,
Let's mende the Church in matters are amisse,
Especially in one thing; which is this,

Christ gaue commiſſion to the twelue, ſaying: *Goe*
Into all Nations; Preach, and there Baptize.
So that you ſee the very wordes doe ſhowe,
And from the ſubſtaunce of them doth ariſe,
Wee firſt muſt be of yeeres to vnderſtand,
Before wee take that *Sacrament* in hand.

Therefore wee'le haue no Babes to be Baptized,
Vntill thy come to yeeres of ripe diſcretion,
That of the *Fayth* they may be firſt aduiſed
And yeeld the world accompt of their profeſſion:
For you may ſee, vnleſſe your ſight be blinde,
Beliefe is firſt, and *Baptiſme* comes behinde.

And





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And yet (my Maiftars) you may dayly fee,
In any Country where fo ere you come,
Such ftore of little Children chriftned bee:
T'is infinite for one to count the fumme:
But let vs take another courfe, I pray;
Thofe forward Sucklings fhall hereafter ftay.

What fay you to it? are you all agree'd,
That this fame doctrine fhall be our chiefe ground?
It fhall (fayd *Leyden*) and I haue decreed,
That it be helde for holfome, good, and found:
And for example I haue thought it beft,
To be new Chriftned heere, before the reft.

Let's haue a Bafon, and fome Water ftraight,
With all the prefent fpeed it may be brought:
For I perceiue this matter is of waight,
My Chrif't'ning when I was a Child, is nought:
Surely I thinke I am no Christian yet,
A Booke good honeft *Mynter* quickly get.

C 3.

Well





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Well fayd, ar't readie? Shall wee need God-father?
Yes: take you *Harman Cromme*, or any other:
I haue a minde to *Knipperdulling* rather:
And *Tannekin* may serue to be God-mother,
Or *Knipperdulling* ioyn'd with Harmon Cromme:
Let it be so: some water; quickly come.

Thus on they goe, with errours foule defil'd,
In rude prophaning Holy ordinaunce:
And *Mynter* asketh, Who doth name the Child?
Call him (quoth *Knipperdulling*) *Yoncker Hans*,
His noble minde, and nature do agree,
And therefore hee a *Yoncker Hans* shall be.

Now (quoth *Tom Mynter*) let mee make a motion,
To which I do beseech you all incline:
Let euery man that's heere, with one deuotion,
Come follow mee to drinke some Rennish wine;
Our inward loue, let outward deedes reueale it,
And to the Tauerne let vs goe and feale it.

The





*The Rebels dayly increasing in great multitudes of the
rude Boores, and illiterate Clownes, propounded vnto
themselues diuers monstrous absurdities, confir-
med by their Captaines Yoncker, Hans, and
Knipperdulling: which by them are
Intituled Twelue Articles of
Christian Libertie.*

What is it from the *Cocatrice* doth passe,
But such a natur'd *Serpent* as him selfe?
What sees an Ape within a Looking-glasse,
But a deformed, and ill fauour'd else?
What Good fruite commeth from an euill tree?
Or how should Villains ought but Villains bee?

Like desper'at mad-men, voyde of Reasons vsc,
They run to any outrage can be thought:
And Libertie is made the Rebels scuse,
Which now by Dreames and Fancies so hath wrought,
That *Yoncker Hans* vnto his rable rout,
Twelue Articles of Libertie giues out.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And first fets downe: They need not stand in feare
Of Magistrate or Ruler, for offence:
But they themfelues might causes freely heare,
And fo end matters; fauing much expence
Of Coyne in Fees, which vnto Lawyers fall:
For wee'le (quoth *Yonker Hans*) be Lawyers all.

If that a wrong to any man be done,
Let him repaire to mee, and my two Lords,
Wee'le end the strife fo foone as ti's begone:
For halfe a doozen of Beere, in quiet words,
And make them drinke together, and be friends,
Shake hands, and like good fellowes make amends.

Next, if a man's difposed for to ride,
And hath no Horfe, nor doth intend to hire,
Hee may take one vpon the high-way fide,
To ferue, as his occafion doth require,
All-wayes provided, when his Iournye's don,
Hee is to turne him loofe, and let him run.

Alfo,





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Alfo, if any Woman chaunce to marrie,
And that her Husband prooue not to her minde,
Shee fhall be at her choyce with him to tarric,
Or take an other whom ſhe knowes more kinde:
Wee thinke it meete no Woman ſhould be bound,
To him in whom no kindnes can be found.

For if ſhee match for Wit, and hee turne Clowne,
Or any way her bargaine prooueth ill,
Shee may ſtay with him till her wedding Gowne
Be worne, and then be at her owne free-will,
To take another, and exchange the Lout:
This Law of our's, ſhall ſerue to beare her out.

Yea, further (which ſhould haue bin ſayd before)
That man which hath not Wife enough of one,
Why, let him (if he pleaſe) take halfe a ſcore:
Wee'le be his warrant, for to builde vpon:
Wee in our wiſedomes do alow it ſo,
For good ſound reaſons that wee haue to ſhow.

D.

For





THE LIFE AND DEATH

For fay, you meete with fuch, as moft men do,
Of this fame proud, and idle hufwife brood,
Shrewifh, and toyifh; foolifh, queanifh to:
Full of bad faults, and nere an inch that's good:
What fhould men do with fuch vngratious wiues?
Turne them to graffe, and fo liue quiet liues.

Befides, Tenants fhall need to pay no rent,
The Earth's the Lord's, and all that is therein:
Land-lords may hang them-felues with one confent;
And if they please, next Quarter day begin:
Wee will not be indebted vnto any,
But be Free-holders, paying not a penny.

All Bonds and Bils, fhall be of no effect:
And hee that will not pay his Debt, may chufe:
This Hand, and Scale, no man fhall need refpect:
Day of the month; and toyes that Scriueners vfe:
Sheepe-skins, and Waxe, fhall now no more preuayle,
To bring a man into the dolefull Iayle.

All





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

All Prisons shall be presently pul'd downe,
For wee will haue good Fellowes walke at large:
A paire of Stocks shall not appeare in Towne:
This in our names, wee very straightly charge:
What reason is it when the hands haue stole,
To put the Legs into a wodden hole?

No man shall need obay any Arest,
Let th' action be what t'will, trespasse or debt:
All Surety-ship, shall be an idle iest:
No Creditor thereby shall vantage get:
All Beasts and Cattell, Oxen, Sheepe, and Kine,
Shall be his that will haue them: yours, and mine.

All Forrests, Parks, and Chases, shall be free
For each man that delighteth in the game:
Orchards and Gardens likewise common bee:
All Fruites and Hearbs, let him that will come clayme:
And euery thing that any man shall need,
According to his will, let him proceed.

D 2.

Who





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Who will not draw his weapon in this cause,
And fight it out, as long as he can stand?
Which of you all will disallow these Lawes,
And will deny our Articles his hand?
Then all cry'd out, This Doctrine wee'le defende,
And liues a peece about it wee will spende.

Our Will's our Law; our Swordes the fame shall pen,
What wee decree, let's see who dare resist?
Wee care not for the Lawes of other men,
But will without controule do what wee list:
Wee are growne strong; and wee are very wise,
My honest Gentlemen, let this suffice.

With courage now let vs our felues addresse,
Attempting on the fodaine *Munster* Towne:
Let euery one be in a readines,
Kind Fortune smyles: regard not who doth frowne:
At euery Church wee'le hang a Tauerne signe,
And wash our Horses feete in Rennish-wine.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

*The Rebels in a furious resolution, enter the Towne of
Munster: where with insolent proude audacious
Spirits, they inflict most iniurious wronges
vpon the inhabitants, taking greatest
glorie in acting villanie.*

W^{ITH} desp'rat Resolution, mad-braine heat,
Munster they enter like to sauage Beares:
The Cittizens no fauour could entreat,
For all their goods are common, *Leyden* sweares
Catch that catch may; hee bids his Souldiers share,
Deuide the spoyle, and take no further care.

Freely supply your wants, who euer lacks:
Chearely my harts; eate, drinke, and domineere,
Ryfell the rich and wealthy Marchants packes:
Make all things cheape that heeretofore were deere:
And where you finde an Vsurer, be bold
To cut his throat, and take away his gold.

D 3.

Adorne





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Adorne your selues in princely braue attire,
Put downe with State the Emperours of *Roome*:
And giue the foolish world caufe to admire,
And say, wee passe, each base and common Groome:
Though some of you (my Lords) came from the Plow,
Wee'le make them stoope, that haue disdained to bow.

Haue you not heard that *Scythian Tamberlaine*
VVas earst a Sheepeheard ere he play'd the King?
First ouer Cattell hee began his raigne,
Then Countries in subiection hee did bring:
And Fortunes fauours so mayntain'd his side,
Kings were his Coach-horse, when he pleas'd to ride.

Do you not see our valorous succeffe,
How easily wee haue attayn'd this Towne?
VVhat thinke you then in time wee shall possesse,
VVhen Greatnes comes to backe vs with renowne?
VVhy sure I thinke our shares will so increase,
That wee shall let out Kingdomes by the lease.

Fill





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Fill Bowles of VVine, and let vs drinke a health:
Carowfe in Glasse that are fwe foote deepe:
You worthy members of the Common-wealth,
Munster is ours, and *Munster* wee will keepe:
Boone-fier the streets; fet Bells a worke to ring
For ioy a Taylour is become a King.

Bring foorth all Pris'ners presently to mee,
And let the Magistrates supply their place;
Prifons for true-men now shall only bee:
Brauc Theeues, with many fauours wee will grace,
Such men as they, with courage do proceed,
And of their seruice wee shall stand in need.

For Theeues (you know) of feare make no account,
They'le hazard hanging, for a little gaine:
And though vnto the Gallowes top they mount,
Both Halter and the Hang-man they disdain,
How many die at Tyburne in a yeere?
VVould make vs gallant Souldiers, were they heere.

D 4.

Ile





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Ile tell yee Maisters, I haue knowne men die,
That haue out-brau'd the Hang-man to his face:
Such as would giue an *Emperour* the lie,
And valiant take a Purfe in any place,
Bid a man stand vpon the hige-way side,
When he hath had exceeding hafte to ride.

As full of courage as their skins could hold,
Spending as franckly as they freely got:
Scouring the rust from Siluer and from Gold,
That Misers hoorded vp and vsed not:
As honest men as wee, in all their dealing,
And yet are hang'd for nothing but for stealing.

Example to you of a friend Ile make,
And I beseech you all, to note the thing:
Who being to be married, went and spake
Vnto a Goldsmith for a wedding Ring,
And comming for it when he should be wed,
The dores were shut, and e'ry one abed:

Hee





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee had no reason stand and knocke all day,
But brake the windowes open, in a iest,
Taking all Rings he found, with him away,
To chuse his owne the better, from the rest:
Meaning to put the Gold-smith but in feare,
In making him suppose some Theefe were there.

Well, this poore fellow hee was apprehended,
Brought to the Barr, and as a Fellow try'd,
And yet you see hee iestingly offended,
Hauing good reason for it on his fyde:
But all his protestations were in vaine,
For he was hang'd in earnest for his paine.

Another honest fellow as hee went,
Did draw a Halter after him along,
Thinking no hurt, nor hauing an intent
To offer any kind of creature wrong:
One comes behind him was the Hang-mans frend,
And tyde a Horfe vnto the Halters end.

E.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The owner met him leading of his beast,
And charged him with felony (poore man)
Although in this same matter he knew least,
There is no remedie, say what he can
To prisson, hang him for an arrant thiefe.
How say my maisters is not this a grieve?

But wee'le take order for such matters now,
For theeves and Gentlemen shall be all one,
To take a purse, or horse, we will allow,
And let him boldly do it that hath none:
Take any thing that any man shall lacke,
To fill the belly and to cloth the backe.

If any finde himselfe herewith agreeued,
Let him be whipt and banisht forth the towne,
With rich mens goods we meane to haue releued
The very poorest meane and basest clowne,
Weele haue it so my Lords, it shall be thus,
Lets see who dare but stand on tearmes with vs.

Tom





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Tom Mynter, prethe searck the towne with speed,
Chuse out the fayrest of the female kinde,
Some lustie wenches of the Germane breede,
For to the flesh I feel my felse inclinde:
Some halfe a dosen wiues for me prouide,
And stocke me with some Concubines beside.

Go to the Goldsmithes in my princely name,
Will and commaund them presently forthwith
They send such chaynes and Iewels as I clayme
By *Knipperdullings* mouth, my Lord the Smith,
Without demaunding any thing therefore,
I neither meane to pay, nor go on score.

Let others to the Mercers shops repayre,
And tell them we do filke and veluet lacke,
Our seame-rent Souldiers are exceeding bare,
Scant any tatters hanging on their backe.
Rich Taffata and Veluet of three pile,
Must serue our vse to swagger in a while.

E 2.

Com-





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Commaund the Marchants to supply our Court
With all abundance of the choyfeste Wine:
Vnto the Butchers likewise make resort,
Bid them prouid vs Oxen, Sheepe, and Swine:
Charge Brewers to present vs with their trade,
And that their Beere be somewhat stronger made.

The Baker in his office to appeere,
His Mealy-worship wee do greatly want:
And store of Cookes let vs haue likewise heere,
To dresse our dishes, that they be not scant:
All things in plentie, and abundant store,
Bee merry, cate, and drinke, and call for more.

This for a Resolution wee fet downe,
And do ordaine that it continue still:
All is our owne that is within the Towne,
And wee are men that haue the world at will:
Fill Bowles of Wine, carowse a High-Dutch round,
For Cares lye conquerd, and our Ioyes are croun'd.

Munster





*Munster being besieged by the Duke of Saxonie, the Rebels
indure great myserie, and extremitie by famishment; but
constrained in the end to yeelde: their principall
Captaines Leyden, Knipperdulling, and Myn-
ter, are tortur'd and put to death, for exam-
ple to all of Rebelloious damned disposi-
tion, ending as desperate, as their
lives were diuclish.*

Ambitions wheele, which Traytors do aspire,
Hath brought the Rebels to their altitude:
And now declining, downe-ward they retire,
By iust Reuenge a downe-fall to conclude,
From top of Treason, thus they turne about:
For now behold, their curfed date run out.

The Martiall *Duke* layd seige vnto them now,
Preuenting them of needfull wants supply,
With Hungers sharpest sword, to make them bow:
No expectation but resolute to dye,
Their length of life was measur'd by their store,
Which could not be enlarg'd a crum the more.

E 3.

Yet





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Yet most extreame hard cruell shift they made,
Holding the towne besieg'd aboue a yeere,
In which sharpe time their paunches were betraide
Of all their former feastes and belly cheere,
For each man's stomack deem'd his throat was cut,
There was such emptinesse in ery gut.

When wholesome foode was all consumde and gone,
After a hard allowance they had past,
Horfes and Dogges they lickt their lips vpon,
Then Rats and Mife grew daintie meate at last,
Olde shooes they boyld, which made good broth beside,
Buffle-lether Ierkins cut in Steakes they fride.

Not an olde payre of Bootes did walke the streete,
Their bellies could not spare their legs the lether,
But stew'd they were, and hunger made them sweete,
For with that sauce they shar'd alike together.
Couers of Bookes were in like maner drest,
And happie he was such a dishes ghest.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

The Chaundlers crawling tallow vtt'red well,
It seru'd *Hans Leyden* and his Lords owne table,
There was no fault found with the taste nor smell,
Their onely grieve was this, they were not able
To maintaine that good cheere, which grew so scant,
Of filthie kitchin stuffe they found great want.

When they had eaten vp the Chaundlers trade,
As likewise all the ware Shoomakers had,
The Scriueners shops for parchment they inuade,
And feize vpon it euen hunger mad,
Cancelling with their teeth both bond and bill,
Looke after debts and pay them he that will.

In these extreames (quoth *Leyden* to the rest)
What shall we doe in this accursed case?
Aduise me now *Tom Mynter* what were best,
What's to be done in this same hungry place?
Speake *Knipperdulling* lets haue thy aduice,
There's no prouision left of Rats and Mice.

Why





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Why, fire the Towne, as late I did my Forge,
(Quoth *Knipperdulling*) I do thinke it meete,
Least *Saxon* imitate English *Saint George*,
And trample vs like Dragons vnder feete:
Like *Troy*, let flame and smoake ascend the skyes,
Wee burne like *Phenix*, that in fier dyes.

Or let vs on a sodaine issue out,
And rush vpon those rascals keepe vs in:
Most desperat in that wee go about,
As not respecting if wee lose or win:
Be as it will, wee haue but liues to spend,
A puffe of breath, and therewithall an end.

In this estate despayring of their liues,
Iohn Leyden plots in his fantastique hed,
To send out of the Towne one of his Wiues
Vnto the *Duke*, to tell him shee is fled
From those accursed Rebels, to his grace,
To signifie the Citties weakest place.

Thou





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Thou must (quoth hee) play *Iudiths* part for all,
And free vs from this same *A/sirian* host:
Bring *Holofernes* head vnto the wall,
That thus against *Bethulia* doth host:
I had a Vision did appeare to mee,
Which signified thou should'ft our *Iudith* bee.

And by thy meanes deliuerance procure,
Sauing our liues, to thy immortall prayse:
Then holy woman, put this worke in vre,
Thou seest we die, if wee indure delayes:
Thou hast rare beautie, on with rich attire,
And good successe incline to thy desire.

This filly Woman easily deluded,
Prepares her selfe vnto the enterprife:
Departs the Towne as *Leyden* had concluded,
Vnto the *Duke*, attyred in disguise,
As if shee had by secret made escape,
Taking on her an Hipocrites true shape.

F.

Deliuers





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Delivers all the cunning she was taught,
To gaine her credit, and to free suspect.
The *Duke* misdoubts her practise to be nought,
And by examination findes direct
The plot, and all the drift why shee was sent,
And thus to worke with this false *Iudith* went.

A Scaffold was erected in the fight
Of all the Rebels, that they might perceiue
Their Gentlewoman playd not *Iudith* right:
Because her head behind her she did leaue:
" For Treason neuer is so well contriu'd,
" But still the plotter is the shortest liu'd.

Then did the *Duke* assault them very strong,
Who being weake, vnable to resist,
Tir'd out with Famine they endured long,
And did subdue them euen as he list:
Such leane *Anotamies* they seemed all,
Like those dry bones in the Chirurgeons hall.

And





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And heere ends *LEYDENS* kingdome and his raigne,
His counterfayted tytle's out of date,
Hee is *John Leyden* Taylor now againe:
And those that were his Noble-men of late,
Are eu'en restored to their first degree,
Smyth, Clarke, and Ioyner, arrant Knaues all three.

To their deferued deaths they are appoynted,
For all their villanies, and extreame wrongs:
Drawne through the Cittie streets, and then disioynted,
Their flesh torne from the bones with fiery tongs:
And as their liues did to all mischeife tend,
So did the desp'rat vnrepentant end.

Being dead, there were three Iron Cages made
For strength and substaunce to endure and last,
And into them their bodyes were conueyd,
And on the Citties highest Steeple plaft,
Leyden hung highest, to expresse his pride,
Mynter, and *Knipperdulling*, on each side.

F 2.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The like reward, be like offenders due.
Let Traytors ends be violent, and euill:
And as these past, so all that shall ensue,
Let them receiue their wages from the Deuill:
Hee sets a worke, and stirres them to aspire,
And is to pay them vengeaunce for their hire.

FINIS.



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